

Yorkshire: its landscape, &c  
& Industries.

First part done

Apr 20th 1884

his course across the sky, until in the evening he reaches the point just opposite to where his course began.

Then, slowly, he goes down, with the same splendour with which he rose; sometimes in a sky which looks like a sea of gold with cities & palaces & all beautiful forms rising out of it. After the last edge of the Sun has disappeared below the earth, a clear soft light remains for a while, such as came before his rising in the morning: this is called twilight.

The Sun rises in the east & sets in the west: By remembering this, you will be able to tell the direction in which the places near your own town, or the streets of your own town, i.e.

Stand so that your right hand - &c. &c. -  
Wh. . . . .

When people are journeying from place to place, it is important they should know if they are going southward or northward. In our own country, which is in north latitude, the further north we go, the colder it becomes; & the warmest part of England lies quite to the south. The railways on which we travel from place to place are called northern or eastern or north-western, according to the direction in which they run. people.

heavy swelling ~~country~~ <sup>upland</sup> ~~land~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>all</sup>  
breath is a delight. <sup>2</sup> So well as opening  
contrived in the wrinkles that the sword appears to  
spread away into the wide champagne beyond, a sea  
of yellow corn, with clumps of elm & beech  
'~~hedges~~' islanded here & there; & rears at hand  
undulating meadows with tree-ketled knolls, - a  
too vision to rejoice in, reaching away towards  
the setting sun. All this you see from any  
favorable spot, but there is a wooded walk, shady  
sweet, which leads you to the top of a ridge, from  
that you see, not only to the west, but to the  
east, the north & the south, glorious country  
on all sides, wooded down & rolling corn.  
hills lying under slanting shadows & clear  
light; & the grey houses, yellowed by the weathering  
of the centuries, fit into the landscape from  
her, its gabled roofs & grey walls shivering with  
the green.

softly sigh out of the verdant.  
 Then, what a Kitchen-garden for a Sunday afternoon  
 stroll. We see the sprightly ladies tripping down  
 the broad green alley carpeted with soft turf where  
 leads through the whole length of the garden, the  
 gentlemen not <sup>so</sup> far off. ~~For who could miss such~~  
~~delightful talk.~~ The flower borders yesterday night  
 well have been there a hundred years ago, & a  
 very well ~~at~~ ~~at~~ ~~on~~ ~~would~~ ~~late~~ ~~great~~ ~~con-~~  
 flowers by the head & gaze into its <sup>lilies</sup> ~~flower~~ ~~heart~~. &  
 idle fingers would 'pop' the buds of the pretty peeping  
 fuchsia which grows so freely out of doors here with  
 success. Cherry-pie & mignonnets sweeten the air &



Now they sheltered under the trees - most likely under  
the 'Seven Sisters,' two of which still remain, endured  
a conflict with poverty severe enough to satisfy their  
aspirations. After two years, Hugh, Dean of York, can  
~~scarcely~~ died amongst them, left them a fortune,  
whereupon they began to build, calling their Abbey  
'Houses' or 'Houses' - a fit name for this  
Yorkshire Elm, where six spruce old rise  
within the site. The building commenced therefore  
the 12<sup>th</sup> century <sup>to have</sup> reached its present ~~the~~ the vast  
proportions indicated by the remains at the same  
time, wealthy in lands & stocks for the most  
part, placed in on the Cistercians, until according  
to Whittaker, at the Dissolution, the lands of  
Lords of the manor extended "for an uninterrupted space  
of more than 30 miles."

Broughbridge on the W. a dull little town, is  
chiefly interesting as the scene of the closing events  
in the career of that S. Thomas of Lancaster, of whom  
we shall hear more in connection with Pontefract.  
But the Earl of Lancaster who had risen against  
Edward II. were defeated by the royal troops. Hereupon  
was killed on the bridge: the Earl of Lancaster, after  
entering a chapel which stood until quite recently  
in the market-place, to utter the prayer, "Good Lord,  
I render myself to Thee, & put me into Thy mercy, -  
as I have to his castle of Pontefract, - others beheaded.  
Albion, lower down the river, is exceedingly interesting  
as containing remains of the Roman Seurium,  
probably as large & important a city as ~~the~~ York.  
under the  
Roman. York Now, excavated mosaic pavements  
are on view in the cottages, in the 'Museum  
Seurium' in the gardens of the House. There  
is a valuable collection of the implements of daily  
life in use in the ancient Roman city fifteen

fifteen centuries ago. There are vessels of glass, iron, brass, silver, bone, spoons, pins made of bone, carved  
 tablets of admission to places of amusement, &  
 sepulchral remains of various kinds.

### Midderdale.

The source of the Ridd don't lie far back amongst  
 the western mountains as do those of the Aire  
 the Wharfe. Its springs are in Great Wharfedale, the  
 most eastern of the mountains, in a region wild &  
 bleak as any in Yorkshire. Many wild plants in  
 this dale to swell its waters; & however a small  
 falls into the main stream are found buildings  
 or a village, or a gentleman's place. Not far from  
 its source, the newborn river disappears, as nearly  
 as into a cavern called the Golden Pot; & when  
 it emerges after half a mile of underground course,  
 below Pateley Bridge is the most curious sight  
 of the Ridd valley, the celebrated Brimham Crag.

The river gradually, until it reaches the  
 her moor, 1000 feet high, over which the rocks are  
 scattered. They are crags of enormous size, & of  
 every odd shape, so close together, & so fantastic  
 in shape & grouping, that the whole strikes you as  
 a great jumble of playthings scattered on the nursery  
 floor of the giants, perhaps. The Aydale, the Lamb,  
 the King, the Duke of Devon, the Lord, the Rulphid, are amongst  
 the names given to the various shapes. The four  
rocking stones, ~~but~~ are very curious, huge masses  
 poised on narrow bases so that it is easy to give  
 them a rocking motion. This extraordinary display  
 is not due to the Druids, nor to any forgotten  
 race of giants: it is simply the result of weathering.  
 The millstone grit of the moor appears to have been broken  
 up





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his enemies would spare her. She was carried  
to the village of Thresheld in Cumberland, & soon,  
as the little fellow could walk, made him his  
shepherd's goat. father carried him off with him  
to the lonely hills <sup>side</sup> where the sheep were pastured.

He was born in the ~~and~~ days of the Wars of  
the Roses. His father, Lord Clifford, of whom we  
shall have more to say shortly, was the Red Rose  
of Lancaster - was a fierce & warrior that has  
earned the <sup>nickname</sup> ~~name~~ gave him the ill name of  
"the Butcher". The bloody battle of Tewkesbury  
went against the Lancastrians; Clifford -  
the King, Henry VI, & Margaret, his queen, were  
forced to fly. Clifford was slain; Edward of  
York came to the throne & against none of  
the foes of his house did he bear so bitter a  
hatred as against <sup>all of the name</sup> ~~the house~~ of Clifford. Thus, -

"Oh! it was a time forlorn  
When the fatherless was born -  
Give her wings that she may fly.  
As she sees her infant die!  
Swords that are with slaughter wild  
Rend the mother & the child  
Who will take them from the light?  
- Gonder is a man in sight -  
Gonder is a horse - but where?  
No, they must not enter there,  
To the caves, & to the brooks,  
To the clouds of heaven she looks;  
She is speechless, but her eyes  
Are in ghastly agonies."

In another was Lord Clifford's doleful & hunted  
widow, & the child was he who came to the throne  
as the Shepherd King. In his mother's arms